AZALEA
1915

CLASS DAY

JUNE 9, 1915

PROGRAM

Class Song ..... Words by Una Dodenhoff
Class Prophecy ..... Martha Lowary
Class Song ..... Words by Rayma Murphy
Class Will ..... Eleanor Purrington
Class Song ..... Words by Una Dodenhoff

FARCE

THE PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN

John Schmitd ..... Vincent Speers
Capt. Blowhard ..... Walter Cole
Hon. Augustus Clearstarch ..... Leland Barlow
Chas. Soberly ..... Vernon Kent
Mr. Plentiful ..... Charles Rogers
Teddy ..... Ward Howard
Arabella Blowhard ..... Lucille Scott
Mrs. Plentiful ..... Jessie Batchelor
Perseverance ..... Una Dodenhoff

Class Song ..... Words by Rayma Murphy

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THE AZALEA

ANALY UNION HIGH SCHOOL

SEBASTOPOL, CALIFORNIA

1915

To

Mrs. Pulcifer

who for three years has been our advisor,
co-worker and friend, the

1915 Azalea

is affectionately dedicated

Analy Union High School

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FACULTY

J. E. Williamson - - - - - - - - Mathematics, History

Lyman Harford - - - - - - - - - - - Commerce

Agnes R. Jewett - Physics, Drawing, Physical Culture (girls)

Loren Ames - - - - - - - - - - Manual Training

Myrtle G. Cromwell - - - - - - - - English, Latin

Susan M. Gregory - - - - - - Spanish, English, Latin

Mrs. Pauline Pulcifer - - - - - - - German, History

George J. Kyle - Chemistry, Agriculture, Horticulture, Physiology

Mr. Williamson

Mr. Kyle

Mrs. Pulcifer
(Senior Class Adviser)

my Favorite teacher

Miss Jewett

Mr. Harford

Miss Gregory

Miss Cromwell

Mr. Ames

LITERARY

MR. BLUEJAY

By Harriet Maddocks.

First Prize

A TRIM looking bluejay sat on a rail fence and gravely surveyed the surrounding country. He preened his feathers and flew to a high post on the fence, where he might be seen more clearly, and stood coquettishly with his head on one side, waiting to be admired. A few timid brown birds ventured out of the bushes to watch their grand neighbor and they looked after him, filled with awe and admiration as he disdainfully flew deeper into the woods.

His flight led him across green fields, swamps white with meadow foam and over long stretches of pine timber until at last he came to a deep cool canyon through which a small stream tumbled down over a high bank covered with ferns and delicate green moss, and then on down the canyon over its rocky bed. Wild ginger dipped its large shiny green leaves and curious dark red flowers into the water, and further on, where the trees were not so numerous, mats of fragrant yerba buena and yellow violets covered the ground. Above the stream the sides of the canyon rose steeply and were heavily wooded with fir and redwood. On the ground lay a thick carpet of needles, dotted with dainty pink star flowers on their wide green thrones. Over all lay the intangible fragrance of spring, and the bluejay's heart sang within him for the mere joy of living. The world seemed perfect; the sun shone bright and warm, there was plenty of water in the canyon and best of all, there were innumerable flies and insects in the woods to feast upon, and he thought of the cherries that would be ripe later in the orchard beyond in the clearing. What more could a bird ask? He was admired, envied and even feared by most of the birds of his size in the woods, and he was quite satisfied with his own beauty.

Warm and tired from his long flight the bluejay sank gratefully into the cool shadows of the canyon, and after resting a few moments, he flew down to the water and began to bathe himself. He splashed and dipped in the water until he felt that he was clean, and then he went away to the sunniest, warmest place he could find to dry himself. He fluffed and dressed his

feathers to his heart's content and afterwards flew away screaming, to explore the country that lay beyond the blue hills that he could see from the great pine tree at the head of the canyon.

Days passed and the bluejay began to weary of the life that had seemed so perfect to him. What could be the matter? He mounted the highest tree in the canyon and sent a shrill questioning call out over the woods. Then he listened and not even an echo came back to him. Over and over again he repeated it and finally a very faint answer came to him from out in the open. Without a moment's hesitation he went in the direction from whence the answer came, now and then stopping to utter the call again. The answer was low but quite distinct, and then all at once he saw her. It seemed to him that she was the most beautiful bird he had ever seen, and a wave of feeling, that made his heart pound against his breast, surged over him. Once more he sent out a questioning note, but this time it was lower and not quite so proud.

Instead of stopping to listen she flew away and hid in a thicket, and her ardent lover followed close behind. He tried to make his voice soft and musical like the other birds of the woods, but to his dismay, he found that even if his beauty was perfect, his voice was not. Day after day he continued his courtship, and after a great deal of persuasion, she at last consented to be a partner to the nest building in the cherry orchard.

They chose the very highest limb in the largest cherry tree in the clearing above the canyon and both set to work. Mr. Bluejay first brought coarse twigs, and his dainty wife told him just how to arrange them, but he was so excited that he paid no attention to her advice and threw them carelessly in a convenient crotch of a limb and hurried off to pull pieces of dry grass to finish the nest with. Mrs. Bluejay carefully lined it with the softest grass and leaves that could be found.

The bluejay's heart sang in the days that followed as he watched over his mate and the nest in the cherry tree. How proud he was of those four blue eggs! The whole orchard was filled with his screams of delight and happiness. Every morning he visited the canyon and after finishing his bath and grooming his feathers, caught the juiciest insects and carried them to his mate. Then he came back again, found his own breakfast and mounted the tall pine tree at the head of the canyon, from which he could see all over the country, including his nest in the

cherry tree. From this station he stood guard, ever alert, and continually making himself heard in order to mislead any chance enemy who might be searching for his nest. From time to time he flew back to the cherry tree and sat watchfully above the nest.

One fine morning the eggs hatched and, filled with importance, the bluejay hurried off to find food for his hungry babies. Busy days followed, in which he even had to neglect his own personal appearance, a thing that had been unheard of before. Almost before Mr. and Mrs. Bluejay knew it their babies were ready to learn to fly, and day by day they carefully and patiently taught them the principles and best methods. Each time the lessons were a little longer, until at last they extended as far as the fence, which separated the orchard from the woods. Then one morning there was a great noise of people and a clatter of buckets and Mr. Bluejay knew that the time for feasting on cherries had passed and that he must leave his nest and go back to the woods. Regretfully the jay family left the orchard nest and now the young birds spent their time learning to bathe themselves in the cool stream in the canyon and how to fluff and dry their feathers. How proud the bluejay felt of his fine family when he saw them among the other birds of the woods! No young birds seemed quite so large or quite so handsome as his own.

Gradually, as his children grew older, they began to depend on him less and finally they even began to stay away in different parts of the woods. As autumn approached the bluejay became restless and spent most of his time among an exclusive band of canaries, who talked about nothing but the delightful country to the southward. Almost before he knew it, he felt a great desire to see this wonderful land of the South and see if it really was more beautiful than his own home. Of course he would be laughed at by all the other jays of the woods for not staying in the North, where he belonged, but what did it matter? He wanted to explore and to have adventures.

When the grass was withered and brown, and the first frost began to tinge the leaves in the woods, the canaries started on their journey southward, and at one side of the group, a little separated from the rest, were two splashes of blue.

JACK KNIFE'S REVENGE

By Eugene Carrillo

Second Prize

'LL take that one over there."

Jack Knife woke with a start to find a pretty little woman in pink pointing right at him. He wondered what had happened until an alert clerk took him out of the show case. Then the terrible truth dawned upon him. He was sold!

Just as the lady was putting him into her satchel, he cast a glance at the other knives and he thought he saw them sneering at him. He wondered why.

But why shouldn't the other knives sneer? Hadn't Jack Knife boasted, oh, so many times, that some big man would buy him and he would do a man's work? Now, here he was being packed off by a little fluttering woman, probably to be used for nothing greater than to sharpen pencils and cut paper.

As Jack Knife dropped into the satchel his pride received a set-back, for he found himself in the company of a powder puff.

"How do you do?' said the puff pleasantly, but Jack Knife only gave a vicious snap and tried to hide. The future looked black indeed to him. Then a faint hope began to glimmer within him. Maybe he was to be a present to some man, after all.

But this hope was short-lived, for, as he was taken out of the satchel, he was handed to a little round-eyed boy and he heard the woman say, "Here's something for Tommy boy if he won't cut his fingers." And little Tommy had taken him and clapped his hands and skipped outdoors as fast as he could.

He ran and ran and all the time Jack Knife kept getting more and more angry. He who could do a man's work to have to engage in child's play; maybe he would have to help build a doll house. At last Tommy stopped running and sat under a cool shade tree through which the wind sighed and the birds sang.

The little boy began to dig in the ground with the knife and say in a sing-song way, "This is to be a fort." Jack Knife stood it as long as he could, while he felt himself grow duller and duller. You know, gentle reader, that the worst thing that can happen to any knife is for it to become dull, that is, next to losing its temper. Jack Knife was doing both. At last he could control

himself no longer and he cut deep into the little boy's finger.

Tommy sobbing, "Oh, you bad, bad knife," threw him down and toddled home. And the angels in Jack Knife's heaven wept because he was so bad.

Afterwards it began to grow cool and the knife wondered why someone didn't come and get him. He shuddered as he thought of the long night, the strange noises, and the morning dew with its destroying rust germs.

But no one came that night or the next or for many nights to come. The large green leaves on the tree turned yellow and, falling, hid him. The birds that sang him to sleep the first nights departed and in their place came ugly hopping things from nowhere that kept him awake with their croaking. The blue sky changed to gray and for many days the sun forgot to shine. Then it rained.

Jack Knife, happening to look in a rain drop one day, saw his reflection. Instead of the proud shiny knife that he had been he saw himself a poor worthless has-been. Then and there, while the rain drops played their weird tattoo around him, he swore that if ever he got the chance his child owner, Tommy, would suffer as he had suffered.

One cold evening, not long after this, when the clouds hung lower than usual and the wind whined through the bare branches of the trees, Jack Knife heard voices approaching.

"Let me go back to mamma, you bad man," sobbed a child's pleading voice, which Jack Knife recognized as Tommie's.

"Careful there," said a coarse threatening voice, "Don't go callin' me no low-lifer."

For an instant Jack Knife was glad that Tommy was not happy. But when the sobbing grew louder his heart went out to his child owner and he wished with his whole soul that he might save him. But what could he, a rusty worthless knife, do? If he were in the hands of Tommy it might be different.

Then, as by a miracle, he saw his chance. The two were walking over him and the large wornout shoe of the tramp was descending down upon him. A shiver went through Jack Knife, but he was no coward. He stood rigid with the open blade with which he had cut Tommy pointing right at the biggest hole in the tramp's shoe. His aim was good and he drove his blade deep into the unsuspecting foot inside the ragged shoe.

With a curse the man jumped and let go Tommy. The boy,

without looking behind, ran for home, but the tramp did not follow. Instead, he sat down, pulled the knife out of his foot, glowered at it a moment with his shifty eyes and threw it far out into a duck pond.

Jack Knife sank to a watery grave without a murmur. One solitary bubble rose to the surface to mark his last resting place. Then the angels in Jack Knife's heaven sang for joy.

THE LOST MOONBEAM

A moonbeam flew to earth one night
And lighted 'neath a maple tree.
Beside him laughed a little stream;
About him, far as he could see,
Tall grasses waved, and flowers gay
All becked and nodded cheerfully.

Beside the brook were many trees,
And there, beneath their shade, he spied
Some fairies painting butterflies,
Preparing for their midnight ride.
When this was done, with blades of grass
Their steeds to flower stems they tied.

An hour passed, and midnight came,
The fairies loosed their steeds so gay,
While in the grass an orchestra
Of crickets soon began to play.
The fairies rode and danced about;
The moonbeam watched 'till almost day.

But when he looked up into heaven
The moon was gone; ah, fatal night!
Then, just before the fairies left,
They saw him in his mournful plight.
The morning came. Upon a leaf
A dewdrop sparkled in the light.

—MARJORIE SHATTO, '16.

THE WAGES OF SIN

By James McMenamin

Third Prize

ONDUCTOR John Sterns gazed proudly down the long line of brilliantly lighted coaches to the purring, sputtering engine that waited for his signal restlessly, like an excited colt. And that signal, how much it meant to Sterns. It proved conclusively that he had some authority over the movements of the great "Gilt Edge" express, no matter how incomprehensible that seemed to him. And furthermore, with that signal he sent the lives of five hundred souls out into the darkness.

Yes it was an honor to be chief conductor on the "Gilt Edge," for no other train on the line could boast of a record like hers. Twelve years of constant service, with never a wreck, and still more important, with only one "hold up." To say that the "Gilt Edge" was only "held up" once might horrify some of her noisy city cousins who have never been robbed. But it is the surroundings, not the record, that make the hero. For the "Gilt Edge" had her way laid out through the wildest piece of country in New Mexico. It was a place where trains were introduced to six-shooters and masked men once a week, at the least. Yet the "Gilt Edge" had only had this pleasure once in her long career.

Surely Sterns was not grieving because of this cold neglect by the "Knights of the Mask." Yet many a time his mind went racing back to that hot June night in Nineteen Hundred and One. How well he remembered that stirring scene. Could he ever forget how that "Gilt Edge," two miles west of Lone Shanty, had been brought to a grinding stop and ransacked by "Deadshot Bill" Branden, the only man daring enough to do the trick?

And could he ever forget "Deadshot's" trial? The crowded courtroom, the solemn-faced, weary-eyed jury, the weeping mother, and her defiant son. The nasal harangue of the railroad attorney seemed to be still ringing in his ears. The judge, who looked more like a bull-dog than a man, loomed before him in the act of passing sentence. "Young man," said the judge, "for your own benefit and that of humanity, I sentence you to ten years hard labor."

A mother's shriek pierced the hearts of all present, then it sank and was lost in a tumult of sobbing. Asked if he had anything to say, "Deadshot" had given one of the strangest replies ever given by a sentenced man. He said, "I swear vengeance upon the railroad that is putting me behind the bars. Even if it takes me thirty years, I shall put the 'Gilt Edge' in the scrap-heap."

A sharp toot from the big Mogul, that led the "Gilt Edge" out of the land of bondage, awakened Sterns from his revery, and all thoughts of "Deadshot Bill" Branden faded from his mind. It was time to start as his Elgin testified and a wave of his hand sent the "Gilt Edge" thundering down the track.

* * * * * * * * *

Far to the north, where the rolling sea-like prairies of Kansas spread monotonously from horizon to horizon, had been built in the early "eighties" what is known to those persons who built it, by its more dignified name, a penitentiary. But to those poor unfortunates who wasted out their days behind its grim stone walls, it was recognized by the less dignified label, "the pen." And in truth it was a pen, where men were driven like slaves, where the moans of the weak mingled with the oaths of the sullen and defiant, and where hunger and thirst, cold and heat stalked at will. It was not a place where good will and repentance might enter, but it was a place where revenge and defiance could be and was cultivated to perfection.

It was in this place that "Deadshot Bill" Branden had for ten long years nourished a revenge that gnawed at his heart and which at times seemed to fill his whole body with a poison that caused him to act as one demented. His fellow man he hated, for was it not he who had put him in this place? There was only one person in the world for whom he held any love. That was his mother.

His fellow prisoners knew little about him for he remained apart from them. In fact, he had never spoken more than two words to any one of them. Yet they respected him and tried to make his slavery among them as pleasant as possible. For was not the man who could "hold up" the famed "Gilt Edge" express worthy of any man's respect?

As for Branden, he thought little of the prisoners or their affairs. True, he was one of them, and as number 2382 went to work with them every day. But his mind was not with them,

for it was filled with the one, undying thought—revenge. Morning, noon and night that one thought loomed before him like the hand-writing on the wall, and every day it grew more bitter. Revenge must be meted out by him upon the proud "Gilt Edge." He would see it lying wrecked and shattered in the ditch and how he would laugh. Its beautiful furnishings would be demolished, its proud conductor, Sterns, would be mangled, and all its passengers would lie dying. And he would laugh! Ah! his revenge would be sweet, sweet, sweet.

At night he lay on his bunk and stared blinkingly out of that hateful barred window where he saw the gem-studded sky. In the twinkling of those jewels of night he read a mesage that seemed to bore into his very brain. Those flaming words seemed branded on his heart and at times would stifle that hateful spirit of revenge which consumed him. But he would scornfully thrust its influence aside and would say to himself, half aloud, that he was the victim of his own imagination. Yet struggle as he might, and hate as hard as he could, that old warning of the stars would come pushing its way unannounced and unwelcomed upon his thoughts.

The day for which he had longed and waited had arrived. Into the bright sunlight of a Kansas June "Deadshot Bill" Branden strode a free man. The prison life had done its work, for he was no longer the defiant, fiery and energetic youth who had entered its iron gates. But though haggard and worn, there was a stubborn light in his tired eyes. The fires of revenge which had been smouldering for ten long years within his sodden brain now burst forth in all their early fierceness.

Far to the South lay the rails of steel which grew hot twice each week beneath the whirling wheels of the "Gilt Edge" express. And it was there Branden must go. The old warning of the stars burst upon his brain like a bombshell. "The wages of sin is death!" it rang in his ears. He hesitated, but only for a moment; the spirit of revenge overwhelmned him, and "Deadshot Bill" Branden departed for the South.

* * * * * * * * *

The station of Lone Shanty was a landmark in Amarrillo, New Mexico. Sharply outlined against the sky it stood—bleak, unattractive, and desolate. The victim of many a standstorm that angrily swept the desert, exposed to the whims of the elements and ridiculed by all strangers who swaggered across its worn

platform yet it had some comfort. For the "Gilt Edge" express, that far-famed train, condescended to stop before its door and deposit a dilapidated mail sack, which was consigned to a post-office that lay somewhere out in the hazy beyond.

Leaving Lone Shanty the gleaming rails sped forward in a straight course for about two miles. Then, as if they had changed their mind as to where they wished to go, those threads of steel swung around in a graceful curve and entered a deep gorge known as El Amigo. This gorge had a length of five miles and lay parallel to Lone Shanty at a distance of half a mile. Thus, one wishing to make a short cut from the station to El Amigo could follow the path that ran through the woods to the top of the gorge. But there it ended, for at this point the gorge was over a hundred feet deep and its sides straight up and down.

The 29th of June had been what is known as a "scorcher." The rays of the glowing sun had beat mercilessly down upon the gasping earth. In El Amigo one could have fried eggs on the burning stones. As the long afternoon waned toward a close a man staggered into the canyon. His back was bent beneath the weight of several tools commonly used by section men. To all appearances he was a section hand, and would have passed inspection as such. Yet there was a nervous air about him that would plainly have told a careful observer that all was not right. He had an uncomfortable way of looking behind him without reason and of striking a listening attitude every now and then. Finally he came to a standstill and laid down his tools at what appeared his destination, an old freight siding. Assuming a careless manner the man dropped down beside the switch as if to make a careful examination of it. After a moment or so he arose and looked in all directions. Then, with an evil smile upon his haggard face, he strode off up the track toward Lone Shanty.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen in El Amigo. A mild breeze had sprung up from the South, bringing with it refreshment to the drooping flowers. Soon it would be night and then would come the "Gilt Edge" thundering through the canyon. Lodged tight and firm in the switch of the old freight siding was a jagged piece of granite. How unoffending it looked and how small! Yet it was to send the lives of five hundred to death. Could nothing be done? Would no one come? The deserted canyon was as still as death. Two buzzards sailed far aloft and now and then a coyote barked. No, nothing could

prevent the impending fate of the "Gilt Edge," for its time had come. "Deadshot Bill" Branden had done his work.

With hat drawn down over his eyes, and an apparently careless manner, Branden made his way, tie by tie, rail by rail, back to Lone Shanty. There in the shadows of the old freight shed he waited. Waited so patiently and yet so nervously for the coming of the "Gilt Edge." Prudence told him he ought not to lose so much time, for every minute lost might mean discovery and capture. But the desire to see the "Gilt Edge" go to its doom, a desire which had been kept alive for ten long years, was not to be downed so easily. Therefore he waited.

Darkness fell, lights burst forth in the station windows and the animals of night crept forth. Soon the humming rails and the gleams of light that raced before an approaching headlight, told Branden that his vigil was over. With a shuddering screech from the brake shoes, a mighty exhalation of steam and air that choked the atmosphere, the great "Gilt Edge" express came to a grinding stop. How Branden's eyes feasted upon it! How he gloated as he looked in at its lighted windows and saw the well dressed, contented passengers reposing so easily among its beautiful furnishings! Yes, they soon would pay for this comfort and Branden was glad. Yea, delighted.

Conductor Sterns appeared from somewhere with a mail sack in his hand. From the cover of the shadows Branden shook his fist and bared his dog-like teeth at the figure of the haughty conductor. On second thought he smiled, for Sterns' glory would be short. Yes, it was the happiest moment of Branden's life.

A shiver ran through the whole train as Sterns, throwing his right arm skyward, gave the signal for departure. How Branden's heart thumped as he watched each coach glide slowly by him. Suddenly, and without warning, Branden uttered a weird cry, clutched desperately at his heart and his face grew as pale as death. He acted as one who had seen a ghost. Then suddenly he sprang forward after the ever faster receeding train, but, seeing the futility of overtaking it, he turned and flew toward the path that ran over the hill to El Amigo.

But why this change in "Deadshot's" attitude? As he had stood gazing at the passing coaches, his attention had been arrested by a face framed in one of the windows. It had only been for a second, but in that short space of time Branden had recognized that face. It was a person whom Branden loved better than

life itself—his mother.

Now as he sprinted at top speed across the fields to El Amigo one thought was uppermost in his mind. He must stop the "Gilt Edge" before it reached the switch of the old freight siding and he must not fail. The old spirit of revenge was dead in Branden. A new and awful fear had taken possession of him. For he was sending the only friend he had in the world to death, to a death he had so villanously planned for other men's mothers. Why had he not thought of that before? Why had he not realized the full significance of the warning of the stars?

His breath came in short gasps as he toiled up the hill toward the woods. Beyond those dark trees lay El Amigo, and yet how far away it seemed. Would he ever reach it? How his throat burned, how the blood pounded at his temples, and oh, how weak and heavy his legs felt. He could hardly raise them and yet he ran. An engine whistle echoed through the sleeping hills and a low rumble burst distinctly in Branden's ears.

A hundred yards ahead loomed the dark space that marked El Amigo. The low rumble had become a roar, the gleams of a headlight were playing on the rocks, and Branden realized he was too late. He staggered on the brink of the gorge. Below he saw the gleaming rails flash under the glare of the headlight. Two hundred yards away was the "Gilt Edge" coming like a meteor.

For one despairing moment Branden hesitated. He saw he could never hope to make that perilous journey down the jagged side of the gorge in time to flag the train. Yet he must attract the engineer's attention somehow, for a half mile further on lay the freight siding and death. But how could he do this? Yes, he realized that he must hurl himself into the canyon with the hope that his falling body might be seen by the engineer. It would mean certain death, but Branden was now desperate.

Then, without a glance to right or left, he leaped straight over the brink of the gorge. Down, down, down, he whirled until with a sickening thud his lifeless body stretched itself across the rocks beside the track. But the engineer had seen his fall and quickly applied the brakes. The "Gilt Edge," however, was not to be stopped so easily, and ran for almost half a mile before it could be convinced that it must stop. With the headlight playing full upon the old freight siding ahead the train came to a standstill. Branden had saved the train, but he paid the price. The wages of sin had been paid.

THE WISDOM OF MARY ANN

By Lucille Scott.

Fourth Prize

ARY Ann opened the door slowly and walked out on the veranda, her chubby face solemn and her eyes big and round, as she reflected on the duplicity of mankind. Thoughtfully she sat down on the steps and chewed on her bonnet strings; not even Chubby's efforts to arouse her prevailed, as he whisked around her, barking and wagging his stub of a tail with the very joy of being alive and able to chase chickens on such a beautiful summer morning. At length he became solemn, looking at her as if bewildered, and the truth was it was the first time he had ever seen his ten-year-old mistress so quiet.

But suddenly a whistle broke in upon Mary Ann's revery as a boy burst into view holding in his hand a fishing pole and advancing to where she sat. With a joyful bark Chubby rushed to meet him, but Mary Ann sat still, for was not this false specimen of the male sex the cause of all her trouble? He was the "next-door boy" and had a very nice long name, but Bud was what all the younger generation called him. He and Mary had been the best of chums, fishing and chasing jack-rabbits all day until the new boy came to live in the neighborhood. For a week now Bud hadn't come near Mary Ann; she had seen him and the new boy one day and, thinking they of course would enjoy her company, had joined them, but she had been told she was in the way and that they didn't like girls to tag along. And now her scorner and scoffer dared to break in upon her revery! Loftily she arose and, elevating her freckled nose in the air, started to enter the house when Bud cried: "Oh, Mary Ann,.... hey, Mary Ann, me and Tom are goin' fishin' and we thought mebee you'd like to go along".

Now, Tom was the name of the detested newcomer and Mary Ann's nose went still higher, but suddenly she paused in her flight, debated a moment, and said under her breath, "I'll show them if a girl isn't as good as them, ... huh, tagging along, is it?" Then aloud she said, "Oh well, I s'pose so, although I shouldn't be wasting my time."

And while Bud looked at her in amazement, for before she

would have received such a proposition with a cry of joy, she ran around the house and got her fishing pole. They then proceeded down the hot road, wriggling their toes in the thick dust, with Chubby running ahead. When they came to Tom's house he came out and soon Mary Ann forgot her grievances and laughed and shouted as loud as they. The creek was a couple of miles away and when they reached there Mary Ann was very hot and dusty, but she kept silent for was she not being treated on an equal basis with them? and she would scorn to have them think she was like any other girl.

"Gee, I'm hot, moaned Tom, when at length they were in the cool woods; "bet I can get more'n you, Bud."

"Bet you can't, either," retorted Bud, screwing up his face as he placed a wriggling and squirming worm on his hook. Mary Ann kept silent, but she resolved mentally that she would also do her best. Inwardly she shuddered as she baited her hook, but she said: "Wish we had some decent worms; these are 'bout half dead, they don't even wiggle."

Bud and Tom glanced at each other. "Gee, I never saw a girl before who'd bait her hook, did you, Bud?" asked Tom.

Tom made no reply and they separated, each hunting out his own particular spot. As a farewell, Tom cried to Mary Ann: "Be sure and sit still and mebbe you'll get a bite."

Mary Ann only tossed her head and marched away; she knew where the trout bit fine, but it was across a hot dusty field full of prickles, for the creek made a great curve here; but she shouldered her pole and in the hot sun hurried across the field, the sharp stubs of grass pricking her feet at every step.

When at length she reached the shade again she sat down and with tears in her eyes, for her feet hurt abominably, she removed various stickers from her feet and took off her sunbonnet to cool her hot face. The stream here was narrow but very deep, and the water was still. Here and there a splash of sunshine, penetrating the thickness of the leaves above, would dart back and forth on the water; in the silence could be heard the stream farther down where the current was rapid. Very quietly Mary Ann sat down and cast her line; it seemed to her that she sat there for hours without a bite. Her face grew downcast as she thought of the humiliation she would endure if she faced the boys without even one fish. But suddenly her line pulled and she knew that she had a bite. Rising quickly to

her feet, she jerked the line and hooked the fish. When she saw it she almost gave a whoop of joy for it was a beauty and quite big, but she controlled her joy and very sedately baited again, although her heart was thumping wildly under her faded gingham gown. Surely the gods were in her favor, for it seemed that as fast as she could bait her hook and cast her line, she got a bite; nearly always she got them, and when at length she could tell it was approaching dinner time she had an even dozen, one especially large.

This time she crossed the field as if she had wings on her feet, and although they ached, she cooled them in the cold water and went on until she came to the big gate which opened on to the hot road. Here she sat waiting for the boys; she saw them both approaching in a few minutes.

"Oh, Mary Ann," cried Bud, "I got four beauties and he only got two, and small at that; did you have any luck?"

"Oh, well, I only got twelve; I was so disappointed," said Mary Ann, fanning herself and gazing calmly over their heads.

Both boys gasped and crowded around her, eagerly asking where she had fished and praising their size. With new respect in their eyes they started out on their long journey home, telling how they had never had such bad luck before. Certainly victory was for Mary Ann.

When they reached Tom's house the smell of cookies was wafted out to them, and as of one accord they approached the kitchen door. They sat on the porch munching their cookies while Chubby begged for crumbs.

"Say," said Tom, "I think you're a peach of a girl; you never even yelled nor hollered when the worms wriggled and you're sure some fisher!"

Bud nooded his approval of what was said, but Mary Ann only smiled, the world-wide smile, and took another cookie.

LONESOME

By Eva Williamson

Fifth Prize

HE camp-fire flickered, blazed up, then the last log parted and dropped, trembling, to the edge of the coals. No one stirred. No one pieced together the dying embers. One thought was uppermost in the minds of all—that of the runaway boy.

His disposition was puzzling, the mother admitted; his fiery temper burst into flame without any definite reason or previous warning. But these storms were soon over and then a period of calm seriousness would follow, a time when shame and pride were uppermost and he "just couldn't" face anybody. At these times his mother reflected even her affection would only bring a shrug to his shoulders, especially if others besides the two were present at the time. And then this morning—the little woman shivered and drew her shawl more closely about her. Oh, the thought of that uncontrolable burst of temper, that dogged expression on his face as he said, yes he had really said, "Someday you'll be sorry."

And that someday had come, this very day at noon. When they had blown the bugle for lunch all had eagerly responded to the summons, except Dick. He had not come; and when a search was made near the camp, no trace of him was found except his cap, where he had thrown it as he left them so hastily in the morning.

Nobody, except the mother, was alarmed. It was a common occurrence for this unnatural child to wander over the hills with no companion but his dog. Dick was not a mixer, he was inclined to moroseness. At these times he wanted to be left alone to fight out his troubles with his dog as chief advisor.

"He'll come back tonight, remember he has never spent a night away from you in his life," Dick's father said, in an attempt to pacify the silent, troubled gaze of his wife.

The family was at Iron Bluff camp for the annual hunt. Iron Bluff was a gigantic cliff, nearly two hundred feet high, whose huge face of slate-colored rock made it as stern and unrelenting as iron. At the base of the cliff, in a small ravine, two

protecting oaks served as shelter for the camp. The camp-fire was somewhat apart from the camp, near a swiftly running stream with the dark face of the cliff, clearly outlined against the sky, directly above it.

"Some day you'll be sorry"—that phrase still rang in the ears of the mother. Why couldn't she forget it? How she wished now that she had given him the gun, just for an hour. It might not have been so bad as this—this suspense and worry.

The children stirred. They did not realize how serious it was. To them it was only another of Dick's moods, only another time when he wished to be alone. A light breeze sprang up. Then the mother thought of her other children. She hurried the younger ones off to their firry beds and tucked them in while the pine needles rattled cheerily under the dead weight of their weary little bodies. Then she crept back to the fire. Always a wistful little creature with deep brown eyes, she looked even more wistful and thoughtful as she again took her seat by the fire, beneath the giant cliff.

Jip had not gone with the boy. Early in the morning he had skulked under the wagons and had not come out, even for his meals in spite of the tempting offerings and insistent coaxings of the children. If he had only been with Dick it would have been so much easier to bear it all.

Something rubbed against the mother's skirts. It was Jip, who had crept from his hiding place at last, when he realized that others, besides himself, were troubled and needed comforting.

While the mother, the father and the boon companion of this runaway boy sat in silence before the fire, something fell with a dull thud on the fading coals and they immediately burst into flame, crackling away with renewed life and vigor. Hope and expectancy shone in the eyes of the mother, perhaps caused by the cheerful blaze of the fire, but it is more probable that she saw what the moon saw—a small, shivering body flattened against the summit of the cliff, alone, frightened, with an ache in his heart to be "tucked in" by the hands that had tucked him in every night for ten years.

Jip whined, then stretched his long body, tired from its cramped position. The mother urged her husband to leave her, saying that she would come soon. "He will want to find me alone when he comes," she said. So she waited, under the stars, with

the dog, for her runaway boy. Twice while she waited the fire was fed by bundles of dry pine needles, bound together by dirty fishing line.

"It wasn't so lonesome when the fire blazed an' I could see you," he told her afterwards, "so I jest had to build it up."

At last he came, creeping to her feet like a punished animal. "It's awful lonesome without you," he said.

THE BROWN EYES AND THE BLUE

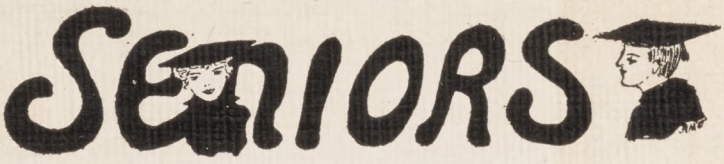
Of all the eyes that Nature gives,
The dark, the light, and other hue,
None have the sparkling joy that lives
In the Brown Eyes and the Blue.

The former hold my dreams one day.
If thoughts of her would but be true;
Then I, my choice might not delay
Of the Brown Eyes and the Blue.

With bright and charming looks of love,
The blue ones smile at me and you;
They put to me the question of
The Brown Eyes or the Blue.

And so the state of my affairs
Must change, for they will never do;
And they may lead to trials and cares
For the Brown Eyes and the Blue.

—JOHN HEINTZ, '16



CLASS ROLL

W. Leland Barlow
Jessie Laura Batchelor
Albert M. Batten
Lawrence W. Carrillo
C. Walter Cole
Una Helene Dodenhoff
Ward D. Howard
Mildred Atlantis Hillard
Vernon Cephas Kent
Anna Rachel Lunceford
Martha Josephine Lowary
Harriet Eloan Maddocks
Rayma Margaret Murphy
Florence Lola Pfefferle
Frances Eleanor Purrington
Lucille Irene Scott
Vincent E. Speers
Mary Elizabeth Scheidecker
Charles J. Rogers
Emilie Laura Williamson
Eva Rachel Williamson

Class Colors—Green and Gold

Class Flower—California Poppy

Class Motto—"Launched, but not anchored."

Emilie Williamson

Anne Lunceford

Walter Cole

Ward Howard

Florence Pfefferle

Jessie Batchelor

Eleanor Purrington

Una Dodenhoff

Vernon Kent

Martha Lowary

Harriet Maddocks

my best friend

Lawrence Carrillo

Eva Williamson

Charles Rogers

Rayma Murphy

Leland Barlow

Mildred Hillard

Vincent Speers

Bessie Scheidecker

Lucille Scott

Albert Batten

THOSE things we desire most are those most laboriously won. There is a treasure, which is sought by many but won by few. The road to this is not easy but long and beset by many obstacles. As in Medieval times, the Crusaders performed many acts of bravery to gain the much sought for "Holy Grail." So we, who have traveled through the trials of four long years, have won to-night our diplomas, the treasure toward which we strove, and so we will cherish them as the Olden Knights did the Holy Cup.

It was four years ago that as an army of sixty-four, under the able leadership of Walter Kerr, we began our pilgrimage in search of Learning. Our journey lay first through a country inhabited only by inexperienced Freshmen. We were given our welcome into this glorious land by a reception given in our honor by our fellow toilers. It was carried out with that same enthusiasm that they put into all their accomplishments. That enjoyable event was long remembered and served to lighten the burdens of Latin, Algebra, and German.

The task proved too great and tedious for some and they deserted our ranks. We began our second lap with only forty-three, but with the addition of six more our number was swelled to forty-nine. Under the captaincy of Leland Barlow and Lucille Scott we passed through Sophomoreship. But here, others left us, for they had heard some diplomas were to be found in Commercial City.

It was with a rapidly decreasing army that we arrived at the Republic of Juniors, thirty-two in number. Bravely under our able commanders, Kneeland Fuller and Alfred Leland, we forced our way through and even conquered Chemistry and Physics, the horror of all Juniors.

Gaily, knowing we were nearing our goal, we entered the land of Seniors. Where are all the brave knights and where are the fair ladies? There are only twenty-one followers of the

presidents, Walter Cole and Charles Rogers. But this twenty-one has won the treasure and can feel the thrill of victory.

Looking back we see the many trials intermixed with joys and not regretfully but joyfully we exclaim: "It was worth while."

J. B. '15.

FAREWELL TO THE FIFTEEN CLASS

(Class Poem)

The breezes that blow o'er meadows
And the violets down in the grass
And the pine trees swaying and moaning
Say, "Farewell to the Fifteen Class."

And the glittering leaves of the redwood
and the ferns that grow in the dell
And the oak trees firm and stately
Are whispering, "Farewell."

The azaleas that bank the hillside
And the poppies in golden mass
And the lilacs bending and waving
Sing, "Farewell, Ye Fifteen Class."

The twittering birds in the tree-tops,
With messages meaning well,
In music clear and beautiful
Are telling their "Farewell."

And the stars that watch over our future
And the lives o'er which we pass
Are saying in their twinkling,
"Success to the Fifteen Class."

FLORENCE PFEFFERLE, '15.

FTER many years spent in the frozen North and the wilds of Africa and the South Sea Islands, I finally induced my friend to return to civilization and California. It was not without difficulty though, for the unquenchable genius of Susan, the most famous author of the age, was unwilling to return until the forty-first book was completed. But grateful for my companionship in her wild globe-trotting, she permitted me to secure the tickets and we set sail from Kanakona, Africa, in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-five for home and a tour of the civilized world.

Steaming along the coast of South America we made our first stop off at Peru. We were surprised to find Lima a flourishing metropolis and more surprised to find the usually gay city in deepest mourning. Enquiring of the lone pedestrian in the deserted streets, we learned that the great general who led the Peruvians to victory over Chile and established a Utopia of freedom had been murdered by a Chilean spy. Being invited to look at the last remains of the famous American who sacrificed his life for the people of Peru, imagine my amazement when I found the second Von Moltke to be my old classmate, Albert Batten. Alas, Bert had too truly lived up to his ideal, Kaiser Wilhelm II!

Hearing that gold had been discovered in Mexico, my friend must stop there. What a pleasure to find a real Wild West! And here, in this sagebrush, Ward Howard had attained his one ambition, that of being a desperado. As I saw him he was enveloped in a cloud of dust, letting off his two six-shooters in the air. The inspiration he had received from the short stories of the English III class had served him well.

At last we arrived in San Francisco. Going up to see the United States District Attorney for California, we found Una Dodenhoff occupying that high position. A great lawyer, she had attained her place of honor through her own merits, and may yet sit on the bench of the Supreme Court of California.

Wishing to find our old editor of the Herald, we hailed an aribus. We rose rapidly up, up far above the crowded traffic of the lower air and shot swiftly through the atmosphere. There was something familiar about the reckless driving and as I handed over my penny fare I saw my old friend, Charles Rogers. Yes, Charlie, such dare-devil driving is gained only by experience, and we don't doubt but that your experience with automobiles during your high school days was a benefit to you.

Leaving San Francisco, we started our tour of the United States. In Texas we found ourselves in a great celebration. The governor was taking the oath of office, and the cheering crowd was made up of women. At the one lone man, we saw the newly elected governor smiling demurely. It is the land of free women, settled entirely by women under the world-famous suffragette and man-hater—and the governor now taking the oath of office—Bess Scheidecker. Assisting Bess in this good work is Florence Pfefferle, who is of great value in preventing Bess from flirting and in protecting defenseless man from her bewitching smile.

We arrived at the court house in Reno just in time to hear the judge call to someone happily leaving the court room with her decree under her arm: "Don't be discouraged, as this is only the fifth, and remember to come back to me next time, as it only takes two days." As she smiled radiantly at the judge I knew her to be no other than Jessie Batchelor. Good luck to you, Jessie, until next time!

It was the great international mile race at Yale. As we came on the field we saw a figure slide serenely down the track and over the finishing line. As the excited crowd carried the winner off the field I beheld, unruffled and smiling calmly, Vernon Kent, champion electric slider of the world. No longer do people run quarter-miles and whole miles! For since Anna Lunceford, the famous inventress, completed the electric slide, whereby a runner is pushed along a track by an electric contrivance without any physical exertion on the runner's part, that ancient feat has fallen into oblivion along with German wars and automobiles.

In going through Arizona we did not fail to visit the widely known insect farm where all kinds of insects, moths and worms are raised and trained to do, among other things, the tango dango dip and the fox trot. This famous troop of trained insects and their owner, Rayma Murphy, are known the world over.

In the review column of a popular magazine I found the following paragraph about my old classmate, "The reading public will be surprised to learn that the popular writer of fiction, Harriet Maddocks, who has delighted thousands with her refreshing stories of nature, has turned her attention to physics and has just completed a new textbook on "The amount of sympathetic vibration obtained by the polarization of a galvanometer when stimulated by a calorie of kinetic energy." It was no surprise to me, knowing as I did Harriet's great love for that subject when at Analy.

In New York we learned that Walter Cole was the most fascinating dancing master in that metropolis of finished artists. No fashionable afternoon tea is complete without him, no society leader successful unless he is present at her balls. The beginning of Walter's career undoubtedly began with his fancy dancing at the Senior play.

Visiting Columbia, the leading hall of learning in Domestic Science for men, we found Emilie Williamson the presidentess of the famous institution. Poor man no longer grieves over his wife taking up a political life, but instead, he rejoices to be freed from the yoke of tyrant woman, when after a course under Emilie he becomes so skilled in the art of concocting flap-jacks, French pastry and pate de foie gras en brochette that he no longer needs her assistance.

In a little village in Arkansas we were attracted by a spieler on a soap-box in front of a grocery store. We pushed and elbowed our way through the wondering crowd to the front. The sound and convincing argument seemed strangely familiar, as the good points of men's rights were pointed out, and I soon recognized Leland Barlow. Surely the experience Leland had had in argument during Senior class meetings has been of wonderful assistance to him.

Tennis being still a popular sport, we went to Del Monte to see the international finals played. I was not surprised when I learned the world-wide champion of the game was my old friend of the '15 class, Eva Williamson. I had always felt that such talents as hers could not remain long in obscurity, especially when to her native agility had been added the great technical skill acquired in the fly-drives in History class.

We were invited to hear one of the world's most penetrative and thoughtful poets of nature, the poet of international fame

read some of his own works before a vast audience. We elbowed our way to a seat from where I beheld the poet and recognized Lawrence Carrillo. Below is a sample of his wonderful work:

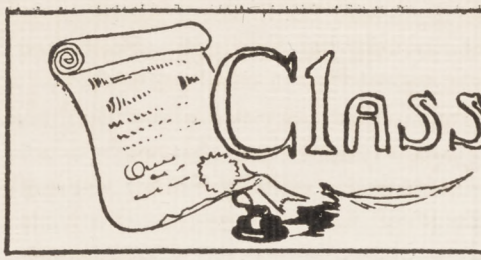
I saw the birdies flying in the sea,
I saw the hornets, yellow jacket and the bee,
And the fishes flying thru the midnight sky;
I saw all these and wished that I might die.

Walking along an avenue of beautiful homes in Sebastopol, now a large city, we came upon an imposing edifice, embowered in vines and shrubbery and surrounded by a rolling lawn. Gorgeously colored parrots flew from tree to tree, and on the velvety sward beautiful cats basked in the sun. On the comfortable benches sat elderly ladies, knitting, while others reposed in easy chairs, chatting over their tea. Prominent among them was a brisk little lady to whom all seemed to turn for advice and direction. Over the stately portal of the house ran this legend, "Spinsters' Home, Manager, Miss Hillard."

It was the greatest film production of talking and singing movies ever put on. As we sat staring at the death-daring aeroplane and its crew, it turned and down fell the heroine from a dizzy height. But she wasn't hurt; instead she landed on her feet and hurried away after the villain. I knew that fearless heroine could be no other than Lucille Scott, the most popular film actress of her day.

Knowing Vincent Speers' dislike for society and his love for solitude, we were not surprised that he had become a desert rat, spending his life in the great work of reclaiming the deserts of southern California, Arizona and New Mexico.

And thus after our tour of the world I met with nearly all the members of my old class. Now, when my two years of pleasure and travel were over, my friend was off for the Islands again. As we were sailing out of the Golden Gate on the big ocean liner we stood waving farewell to our friends on shore. Suddenly someone near us called "Here comes the Captain!" Looking up I beheld Eleanor Purrington in Captain's uniform. I realized that things had changed during the many years of my absence from civilization, and I was not astonished to learn that women had even become captains of the biggest trans-Pacific steamers. What changes, I wondered, as I leaned over the deck, looking into the deep blue waters of the Pacific, will have taken place when Susan decides to return to San Francisco. MARTHA LOWARY '15.



Class Will.

E, the Senior Class of the Analy Union High School, of the City of Sebastopol, in the State of California, being of sound mind and memory, and realizing that the worst is yet to come, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, that is to say:

To the Junior Class we leave our disinclination and horror of cutting classes; we also leave them our extreme dignity and solemnity of manner.

To the Sophomores we bequeath our portion of the mirrors in the ante-room, providing that after this they will get there in time to primp, thereby saving Mr. Williamson the necessity of perjuring himself by telling them that they look nice, in order to get them into the study hall.

To the Freshmen we dedicate six cozy corners, hoping they will prove more attractive and comfortable than the grave-yard tombstones which they are accustomed to using for their tete-a-tetes.

To Mr. Williamson we will a generous supply of streamers of blue and white ribbon to adorn his little blue corduroy "field meet" cap.

To Mrs. Pulcifer we wish to leave all the good advice which she has so generously bestowed on us the past year, knowing that her fund must be nearly exhausted.

To Mr. Kyle we leave an ear-trumpet in order that he may hear some of the private conversations in his classes, as perhaps some of them might tickle his stern sense of humor.

To Miss Cromwell we leave a sling-shot with a bag of beans, said article to be used on members of next year's cast who disturb the quietude of rehearsal.

To Mr. Harford we bequeath an alarm clock, which is so magical in its works that it will loudly ring when anyone crosses the aisle; this will aid him in the fourth period to keep track

of the miscreants who dare to desecrate that sacred time, as he might by mistake miss somebody. If he does not wish to use this useful object in this way he might find it handy elsewhere.

To Miss Gregory we leave a book of horrifying and thrilling pirate tales to be read just before retiring; we also leave a collection of jingles which the Seniors have written for her especial benefit, as they know her great love of poetry.

To Mr. Ames we bequeath all the names of Greek mythology to be pasted in the Manual Training room, said names to be learned by the scholars and to be used in place of their customary strong terms of wrath.

To Miss Jewett we wish to leave a picnic all her own; also some hurdles to be used by the Amazons and Atalantas. A megaphone is also bequeathed to her in order that she may make herself heard at all times.

Our personal property we leave as follows:

I, Lawrence Carrillo, leave my delicate disposition to Buddie Kelly; my little red cap I leave (with many tears) to Sarah McMenamin, said cap to be worn on all state occasions; the weeps to be equally distributed over the horticultural garden.

I, Anna Lunceford, do hereby bequeath my black skirt with the pleated ruffles to Gene Carrillo. My languid air I leave to Pearl Fallon.

I, Harriet Maddocks, realizing that my day is at hand, do solemnly will my Easter poke bonnet to Lee Walker, knowing that it will add greatly to his already picturesque appearance.

I, Vernon, otherwise known as Adolphus Percephus Preachmuch Kent—do sadly and solemly, with due consideration and meditation, leave my superfluous professorial phrases to the Honorable James McMenamin to supplant his very limited vocabulary.

I, Emilie Williamson, leave two and one-half yards of my fluffy, golden hair to adorn the assembly hall. If all is not needed, remainder may be used to stuff baseball mitts.

I, Eva Williamson, will a broken alarm clock, a kicking mule and my ability to hit fifty out of forty-seven bumps, to Irma McGrew, hoping that with said paraphernalia and tribulations she will also proceed to get there.

I, Charles Rogers, realizing that the worst is yet to come, hereby renounce all claim to one cerise fairy costume; said treasured possession to descend to Earnest Botts to be worn

at the next baseball game to attract a large crowd. My ability to get into things I leave to Joe Silveira.

I, Leland Barlow, do bequeath to Grundy Howell my ability to shift gears with my feet, knowing that he will get as much benefit from said accomplishment as I have. My love of preaching I leave to the bust of Shakespeare, hoping that some echoes will resound through this hall of learning after I have departed hence! Selah!

I, Jessie Batchelor, leave all of my heart to a certain Junior; my coquettish ways to the Sophomore girls to be used in aiding the Analy baseball team. My stately manner I will to Helen Morford.

I, Florence Pfefferle, leave all of my admirers to my sister, Claire. My fluffy brown hair I will to Ruth Churchman, knowing that she's so greatly in need of more tresses.

I, Una Dodenhoff, do will one of my beloved Mary Janes to Wilbur Purrington, said favor to be tacked securely on his vaulting pole. My green shade I leave to "Pop."

I, Albert Batten, leave my flirtatious manner to Fay Hawkins; my red necktie to Eleanor Davidson. I also leave my peroxide beauty to Ruth Leach.

I, Mildred Hillard, do bequeath my state of single blessedness to any Analy girl who desires to be as true to it as I have. My pretty eyes I leave to Ella Harbine.

I, Martha Lowary, do leave my militant manner to Roy Williamson in order that it may keep him from grieving for at least one second. My brocaded patent leather pumps I leave to the Tabor twins to be used as looking glasses.

I, Vincent Speers, do bequeath my cherub-like expression to Cudge Malm; my ability to act cute to Marjorie Sheffer. My kittenish ambles I leave to Dewey Elliott.

I, Rayma Murphy, will my "baby doll" stare to the next Senior Class, said expression of unjustly accused innocence to be used when some teacher is so unwittingly cruel as to ask an unknown question.

I, Bess Scheidecker, leave to "Bob" Searby seventy-three empty candy bags to be popped during assembly, providing he makes sufficient noise. If he is unable to get desired results, said bags to be distributed evenly among the Sophomore boys.

I, Walter Cole, will my guide book, "How, When and Where to Queen," to the Freshman class, seeing that they are so desirous

of said knowledge, providing that they will as faithfully study and execute these rules as I have done. My bashful and retiring manner I leave to Garland Ewing.

I, Eleanor Purrington, leave my pysche to Keith Dennison, hoping it will aid him in looking coy; to next year's rooters my great calmness during exciting moments in baseball games and track meets. I also leave my infrequent laugh to Marguerite Ballard to cheer her lugubrious demeanor.

I, Lucille Scott, leave my numerous visits to Santa Rosa to Grace Libby, knowing she will keep up my record. I also bequeath seventeen and one-eighth yards of tatting to trim the boys' track suits.

I, Ward Howard, leave my brisk and determined ways to Cornelius Street; my diminiutive size I leave to Freddie Andersen.

In witness whereof, we have set our hand and seal this ninth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Class of 1915, A. U. H. S.

Signed:
ELEANOR PURRINGTON,
LUCILLE SCOTT.

TRIOLET

I went into the class
But I hadn't my lesson,
I went into the class
As the teacher said pass.
I relied on my brass
And the fine art of guessin'.
I went into the class
But I hadn't my lesson.

VINCENT SPEERS, '15.

Faculty Horoscope

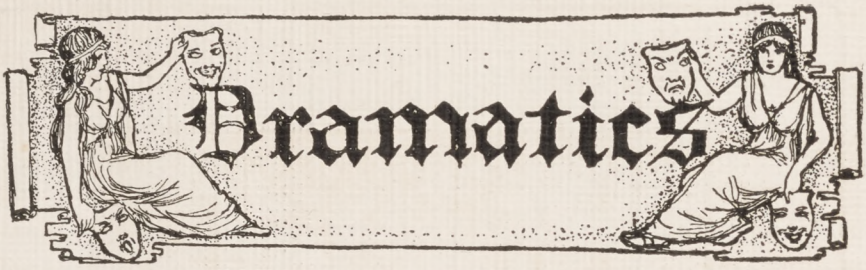
Name	Occupation	Favorite Expression	Hobby	Cause of Death	Favorite Song
Mr. Williamson	Fly-driving	When I lived in Boise, Idaho	Squeeky shoes	Smoking	This is the Life
Mr. Harford	Posing for equestrian statues	Will you please retire?	Freshmen	Study hall during spelling period	There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning
Miss Jewett	Lunching	Approximately	Soup, Salad and sandwiches	Physics class	I'm Sitting on the Style, Mary
Mrs. Pulcifer	Catching mice	I was just after telling you	Horseback riding	Trying to learn to play tennis	Lauterback
Mr. Kyle	Raising vegetables	He hasn't any	German scientists	Chemistry class	We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning
Miss Gregory	Piratin'	I'm starving	Poetry	One of Jimmey's jokes	Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest
Miss Cromwell	Same as Caruso's	Oh, no, that is a short lesson	Oral composition	Sophomore boys	Gasoline Gus and His Jitney Bus
Mr. Ames	Chauffeuring	My Ford will take it on high	Baseball	Speeding	When you wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose

Senior Horoscope

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Hobby	What They Think They Are	Favorite Expression
Martha	Kickero	Fashionable	Shouting in Class	Abused	Can't Hear
Harriet	Peg-Leg Jim	Deceptively mild	Cats	Queener	Caramba!
Eva	Spick	Rather Small	Fireplace	Geom. Shark	Tres mil demonios
Una	Dodie	Serene	Debating	Brainy	You're a nut
Eleanor	Purrie	Stately?	Giggling	Cute	Te-he te-he
Lawrence	Laurie	Fragile	Track Team	Abused	Everybody Picks On Me
Emilie	Milly	Sweet	Sophomores	Kittenish	Late again, the old clock's slow
Bess	Dick	Sassy	Flirting	Man-hater	I dunno
Rayma	Ramesis	Madonna-like	Music	Society Belle	Central 3F3
Walter	Wa-Wa	Bashful	Queening	Mamma's Joy	I guess I'll have to bluff it

Senior Horoscope Continued

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Hobby	What They Think They Are	Favorite Expression
Mildred	Mil	Demure	"Fellers"	A Saint	Chug, chug, chug
Charles	Dimples	Chubby	Acting Cute	Pretty	But listen, guy.
Lucille	Louie	Chic	Tatting in Classes	Clever	What's the use of studying
Leland	Wealy	Soulful	Preaching	Classy	Hey, guy
Florence	Flo	Queenly	Drawing, last period	Popular	O, dear
Vincent	Napoleon	Innocent	Gls.' Bskt. Ball Tm.	Tough	Let's cut
Anna	Ann	Dreamy	Trig	An Athlete	May I borrow your pen?
Vernon	Percy	Professorial	Physics	Lady Killer	For the love of Mike
Ward	Tex	Coquettish	Helping Others	A Flirt	Yes, marm
Albert	Bert	Frivolous	Reading Dictionary	Emp. of Germany	By Heck
Jessie	Batch	Jolly	Baseball	Tall	Ray-Ray-Ray



THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

HE MAN in the Moon rubbed his right eye, then his left. Then he sat up and blinked them both and said: "Oho, what have we here?"

He looked down on a cluster of sturdy oaks with gay lights strung from branch to branch, walls of pungent redwood and fir and fern, and, in the middle, a grassy plot that would tempt Titania to dance, and on a green bower where large, animated flowers blossomed.

But the Man in the Moon stared hardest at the long, mysterious procession that came, swiftly and silently, down the path—as swiftly, that is, as the portliness of one figure would allow, and as silently as was consistent with rustling silks and clanking swords. He saw blue and silver velvets and the purple of brocaded satin, the rags and patches of old soldiers, the decorous black of the church, fierce mustachio and goatee and rapier of the duellist, the rose-twined garlands of slim girls—a motley throng.

The Man in the Moon leaned lower to look.

"Odsbodskins!" he gasped. "Is that old Falstaff? Many a jaunt we've had together. And my two old friends, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page? 'Tis passing strange to see them here. How comely they are! It warms the cockles of my heart to see their ruffles and brocades and frilly little bonnets. I wonder what's afoot. I'll glue my eye to this opening in the oak leaves and see what's on."

Then he gave a great, roistering laugh and clapped his hands to his fat sides. "La! I know now," he chuckled. "I remember it in Windsor Castle in 1604. 'Tis that most pleasant and excellent conceited comedie of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie wives of Windsor. Intermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Syr Hugh, the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow and his wise cous-

Merry Wives of Windsor

Merry Wives of Windsor

in, M. Slender, with the swaggering vaine of auncient Pistoll and Corporall Nym."

And the Man in the Moon dangled his legs and grinned down through the oak and saw sundrie variable and pleasing things. He saw a jovial, bald-pated inn-keeper dispensing mugs of sack and playing Machiavelli to his heart's content—he saw two merry dames wheedling a fat old knight and laughing in their sleeves at him—he saw, yea, heard, and swung his foot to keep time as the sweet strains of "Shallow Rivers" floated upward. He saw a slender youth, pigeon-toed and high of tone, bashful in the presence of his fair, wooing his lady in this fashion: "O, sweet Anne Page! Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle." And though the lad had bruised his shin with playing at sword and dagger, great was his nimbleness when the fight was on and there was a tall tree handy.

Then there was an excitable little Frenchman who made a gallant fight—by gar!—against odds, not least of which was his lack of acquaintance with English. And the Man in the Moon cried out, "Ma foi, doctor, but I'm sorry you got the garcon!"

He saw a pleasant, bustling, little busybody with a finger in each pie and a laugh to make one say, "La, surely I think she has charms!" And a pretty girl with purple velvet and pearls setting off her charms, who smiled whimsically and looked upward as if for sympathy, and sighed, "This is my father's choice." He saw a pillar of the church, now steadying his soul with amorous song before the fray, now earnestly exhorting a more worldly brother to leave pribbles and prabbles and serve Got lest the fairies pinse him. And two good country gentlemen, foils for each other, one raging his way along, the other calming him down and straightening things out. "Fie, fie, Master Ford, are you not ashamed?"

And more than once he saw his fat old friend—now smiling complacently as one charmer whispered slyly, "Heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it"—now scrambling frenziedly away from the ready cudgel—now gladly compressing his portly frame into the narrow compass of the buck-basket—now shivering under Herne's oak in that ghostly hour when the Windsor bell had struck twelve, while fairies circled him and pinched and pulled him and beat him with their garlands.

All this the Man in the Moon saw, and more. He saw tangles untied and enmities smoothed out and the gallant lover winning his lass. And he heard over all the light-hearted, silvery laugh-

ter of his old friends, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, until, carried away by their glee, he laughed too, and winked down at them.

And didn't he look behind the redwood scenes? Ay, Marry, trust him for that! And on one side he saw a little lady with an anxious expression and a prompt book (which she didn't need) and on the other side another lady with another prompt book, which she didn't need either.

And the Man in the Moon was wise, for he knew a saying about the men behind the guns.

Cast of Characters

Sir John Falstaff - - - - - - Lawrence Carrillo
Fenton, a gentleman - - - - - Garland Ewing
Shallow, a country justice - - - Harlan Varner
Slender, a cousin to Shallow - - - Vincent Speers
Ford, a gentleman of Windsor - - - Walter Cole
Page, a friend of Ford - - - - - Leland Howell
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch parson - - Eugene Carrillo
Doctor Caius, a French physician - - Joe Silveira
Host of the Garter Inn - - - - - John Heintz
Robin, a page to Falstaff - - - - Marjorie Sheffer
Mistress Page - - - - - - Eleanor Purrington
Anne Page, her daughter - - - - Florence Pfefferle
Mistress Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius - Jessie Batchelor
Bardolph - - - - - - - - Tom Rauch
Nym - - - - - - - - - Merritt Jewell
Pistol - - - - - - - - - Will Irwin
Simple, servant to Slender - - - Ben Woodworth
Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius - - - Lewis Maddocks
1st servant - - - - - - - Raymond Wilson
2nd servant - - - - - - - Cuthbert Malm
3rd servant - - - - - - - Ward Howard
4th servant - - - - - - - Herbert Wightman

Fairies

Eleanor Jewell Eleanor Davidson Ella Harbine
Grace Speers Helen Morford Pearl Fallon
Dorothy King Florence Pfefferle
Edith Starkey

Coaches - - - - Miss Cromwell and Mrs. Greene

Lawrence Orrillo.
Harriet Maddox
Martha Lowry
Alfred Leland
Eva Williamson

The Staff

THE STAFF

Harriet Maddocks - - - - - Editor-in-chief
Martha Lowary - - - - - Associate Editor
Emilie Williamson - - - - - - Art Editor
Eva Williamson - - - - - - - Josh Editor
James McMenamin - - - - Athletic Editor
Lucille Scott - - - - - - - - Society Editor
Marjorie Shatto - - - - - Exchange Editor
Vernon Kent - - - - - - - - Alumni Editor
Lawrence Carrillo - - - - Business Manager
Alfred Leland - - - - - Assistant Manager

NOTHER year has quickly passed and once more we put the Azalea before you with the hope that it will meet with the usual approval.

I take this opportunity to thank the faculty, especially Miss Gregory and Miss Cromwell, and the staff, who have both given so much work and enthusiasm to make the 1915 Azalea a success.

This has been a banner year for Analy in athletics—never have so many medals been won by our athletes. In track, tennis and baseball we have been successful but not so in basketball. We need a gymnasium so that the basketball teams will have a suitable place to practice in. As it is, with only an out-door court, a great deal of time is lost in rainy weather, which, if we had a gymnasium, could be used in practice. The new building could also be used for the school receptions, instead of having to rent a hall several times during the year.

We realize that we cannot have all our wants gratified in

a single year, and we wish to extend our thanks to the Board of Trustees for the improvements made this year. A fine new tennis court was laid out on the northern side of the campus and a set of shower baths was installed in the girls' basement for the use of the girls' Physical Culture classes.

Mr. Bennett, clerk of our school board, gave us a number of maple trees, which were planted along the street in front of the school building, and also some shrubs of different kinds, which Mr. Kyle has planted in artistic natural clumps.

Two new subjects have been introduced into our school this year: Physiology and Horticulture. Since the idea of "back to the farm" is so prevalent now, the course in horticulture is especially important, and in order that the class may have proper instruction in this subject we need lath houses. It is very essential for the students to receive practical demonstrations and experiments in this subject.

At the beginning of the year several designs of school emblems were submitted to the student body and a vote was taken to adopt a standard school pin. When the students enter their senior year they are entitled to a school pin, and all the pins will be the same except for the different dates of graduation. The purpose of this standard school emblem is that anyone who graduates from Analy may be known by the pin he wears just as we easily single out those who graduate from our colleges.

STEVENSON

Thou, brightest gem of all thy buried gold,
Who, ever thru those darkest days did sail,
"On golden galleons far," bound for some tale
"Of ships and sailors brown," of pirates bold
With knives of dripping gore, as it is told,
On that far Southern Sea—ever in the veil
Of suffering shrouded, but valiant, every gale.
Thou breasted, reaching port with laden hold.
Wert thou but here, vagrant of land and sea,
(Best vagabond from here to Monterey,)
Back with us, with thy songs and stories rare!
But Thou art here as Thou wilt ever be!
A living presence to cheer us on our way,
In thy romance that all the world doth share.

—MARTHA LOWARY, '15

ROUNDELAY TO SPRING

(Prize Poem)

Spring time is here with its sunshine and flowers,
All thro' my heart runs a song of glad cheer,
Routed and gone are the winter's dark hours—
Spring time is here.

Up from the sod bursts the grain from its slumber,
Welcoming Spring with a beck and a nod,
Springing in multitudes no man can number
Up from the sod.

The birds in the trees in a chorus are singing
And their sweet songs are wafted to me on the breeze,
And my whole heart is thankful to Nature for bringing
The birds in the trees.

When you depart, whither no mortal knoweth,
Silent and still is the song in my heart;
Take me, O Springtime, wherever Spring goeth
When you depart.

—VINCENT SPEERS, '15.

SOCIETY

SOCIAL NOTES

N FRIDAY EVENING, May 14, the Spanish Club, La Romeria, was entertained by Miss Gregory. Spanish games and dancing made the evening pass all too soon, and at a late hour the guests were invited to adjourn to the dining room, where delightful refreshments were served. The color scheme was pink and white and the room was lighted by large pink candles set in the middle of the tables and by smaller ones at each cover. All present voted it the pleasantest social event of the school year.

At Lincoln Hall on September 18, 1914, the first social affair of the term was participated in by all the students of Aanly. This was in the nature of a reception given in honor of the Freshmen, who had just entered a few weeks before. Anxious to see how they would be entertained the Freshmen came out in large flocks and from all appearances were not disappointed. The music and floor were both delightful, and the punch, over which Miss Cromwell toiled all afternoon, with the aid of the Sophomore girls, was delicious. Games were enjoyed in the room adjoining the dance hall by those who did not wish to join in the terpsichorean art. At midnight all departed, voting the affair one of the most pleasant ever given by Analy.

Certainly, the track team did justice to one feed during their life-time, for the Senior girls can prove that. It was given in honor of the boys who had taken part in the various field events, by the Senior girls. The long table in the physical geography laboratory was set with sundry things in the edible line. After the 'eats' different members responded very graciously when called upon to speak. Mrs. Pulcifer and Mr. Williamson ended up the party with a few words.

On May 7, 1915, a return reception was given by the Freshmen in response to the one given them in September. Games and dancing were indulged in until a late hour. Although, on account of the Rose Carnival and other engagements, many were forced to be absent, nevertheless, a pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

On May 29 the Seniors were the guests of the Juniors at a picnic at Summer Home Park, on Russian River. The trip from Forestville was made in auto trucks. The day was spent in boating and outdoor sports. An excellent picnic lunch was served at noon, and it was a tired, but jolly, company that returned early in the evening.

At the beginning of the term, J. C. Bennett, clerk of the board of trustees, offered a prize for the best work in the penmanship class. The prize was awarded to Genevieve Lowary.

This year there were the usual prizes offered for the best short stories and in addition a prize for the best poem. The persons who contributed the money wish to remain unknown, but we want them to know how grateful we are.

On Friday evening, June 4, the Senior class spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williamson.

On Friday evening, April 16, a show and cooked food sale was given for the benefit of the baseball team and the Azalea.

The program opened with two songs by the Spanish Club, and then came the German Club stunt which was a regular German Club meeting, with the usual program. Then there was a half hour intermission for the audience to buy from the pretty booths of the different classes. The seniors sold coffee, cake and ice cream; the juniors sold candy; the sophomores, pies and cakes; and the freshmen sold baked beans and brown bread.

The second part of the program consisted of the four class stunts. The freshmen gave a mock wedding, and the sophomore stunt was a pantomime of Lochinvar. Eugenia Harbine was the craven bridegroom and Ernest Botts made a very charming bride. The junior stunt was "Costumes of the Past and Present." James McMenamin delivered a soliloquy against modern young

people and the present-day fashions, and compared them to the dignified people and their modest fashions of long ago. Last of all was the senior stunt. Vernon Kent as Myscho, the great Oriental psychologist, was the central figure and he was attended by Una Dodenhoff, Eleanor Purrington and Walter Cole, dressed as Turkish slaves. Lawrence Carrillo, Alfred Leland, Charles Rogers and Ward Howard, dressed in abbreviated fairy costumes, danced before the great Myscho to assist him in conjuring up the spirits.

LECTURES

In September, Mrs. H. C. Shutts gave us a very interesting talk on her impressions of the Orient gained from her journey there the previous winter. She spoke of the customs and civilization in the Orient, particularly in India, and said that the people of the higher classes there are as cultivated and educated as we are. She exhibited some very beautiful hand-made fabrics and laces, which testify to the Oriental civilization. The thought with which she impressed us was that mankind is very much akin and that though customs and languages differ, all peoples are very much alike.

On the afternoon of Friday, December 18, 1914, we were entertained by Mr. Howard Pratt of San Francisco, who gave us several vocal selections. His accompanist, Mr. Freeman, favored us with a piano solo.

Dr. Biddle, an examiner from the University of California, spent Friday, April 30, visiting the school. At the twenty-minute period he gave an informal and interesting address before the student body.

GERMAN CLUB

The German Club, "Der Deutsche Liederkranz," has become one of the firmly established clubs of the school, and this is largely due to the efforts and unflagging enthusiasm of Mrs. Pulcifer, the founder of the organization.

The officers elected for the first term were: Elsie Sanborn, president; Una Dodenhoff, vice-president; Mildred Hillard, secretary. Those elected for the second term were: Mildred Hillard, president; Una Dodenhoff, vice-president; Marjorie Shatto, secretary.

The greatest event of the year was the German Social Ev-

ening given December 12, 1914. The program consisted of a short play, and several poems and songs given by the different members of the club.

The learning and reciting of the poems and singing the German songs gives the students a feeling and appreciation for German literature besides helping them to obtain a better understanding of the language and its use.

The German club was entertained at the home of Clara Christiansen Thursday evening, May 27. The evening was in the nature of a farewell to the Seniors who belong to the club. German conversation and German games were enjoyed by the members and at a late hour dainty refreshments were served.

SPANISH CLUB

At the beginning of this year a Spanish Club, La Romeria, was organized under the direction of Miss Gregory. The charter members were: Martha Lowary, Eva Williamson, Joe Silveira, Magaret Seito, Tom Rauch, Elsie Sanborn, Grace Libby, Eugene Carrillo, Georgia Swain, Leland Barlow, Ward Howard, Rayma Murhpy, James McMenamin, Lucille Scott, Walter Cole, Albert Batten, Sarah McMenamin, Irma Strout, Mildred Hillard and Harriet Maddocks.

Every Tuesday afternoon at the close of school the members gather around the piano and sing Spanish songs. The purpose of the club is to promote the use of the Spanish language and incidentally to have a general good time.

GLEE CLUB

One of the most progressive steps yet taken by the students of the school, was the organization of a choral club under the supervision of Mrs. Pulcifer and Mr. Williamson. Music is always a step to culture and refinement and so is a most welcome addition to our other organizations. About seventy-five boys and girls have taken up this vocal training, and wonderful progress has been made by the pupils under the efficient and able direction of Professor Elmquist, of the Elmquist Conservatory of Music. It is with pleasure that we look forward to next year, when we hope to see music in our regular curriculum, under the direction of a music teacher on the faculty. Music will then become permanent in our school, and with this encouragement we can expect great things from the students, considering the

remarkable advancement that has been made in six months under Mr. Elmquist's thorough training. Let us hope then to see music added to our course next year.

The work of the combined Glee Clubs has been very promising and an increased membership is expected next year. Several selections have been rendered by the girls' choral and the boys' quartette during this semester, and were met with applause by the appreciative audience. The club is now preparing a number of pleasing selections for a delightful program, which is to be given at a concert in June.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The girls' dramatic club started in the new year with only a few members missing. The officers for the first term were: Mildred Hillard, president; Emilie Williamson, vice-president; Dorothy King, treasurer; Edna Harbine, secretary. The constitution was altered and an order of business adopted.

The second term the club welcomed the new members at a never-to-be-forgotten "jinks," given March 12, 1915, in the school building. Many thrilling and exciting stunts were performed, after which the girls betook themselves to the physical geography laboratory, where the eats(?) were served.

The officers elected for the second term were: Una Dodenhoff, president, Eleanor Purrington, vice-president; Bess Scheidecker, treasurer; Sarah McMenamin, secretary.

AGRICULTURAL CLUB

All over the State the University of California has organized Agricultural Clubs in order to promote interest in agriculture and to teach better methods of farming. The club at Analy has been continued this year under the direction of Mr. Kyle. The officers elected were: William Irwin, president; John Heintz, secretary; Tom Rauch, editor.

Each year an agricultural contest is given and the winner has a trip to Washington, D. C. Last year there was a potato raising contest and Wilbur Purrington won the prize. The club wishes to thank Mr. Williamson for all he did toward Wilbur's trip. This year the boys have planned a pig raising contest, and the prize offered is the same as last year.

These trips are under the direction of the University and are financed by the farmers and business men of Analy township.

DEBATING

At the beginning of this year a debating club was organized and several exciting, extemporaneous debates were held as well as several class debates, the most notable among which was one on October 15, 1914. The question was: Resolved, that the unions are justifiable in attempting, by all lawful means, to prevent the employment of non-union workmen. Those on the affirmative, the winning side, were Vincent Speers and Volney Ballou. The negative were Una Dodenhoff and Tom Rauch.

The first league debate was with Santa Rosa on November 20, 1914. The question was: Resolved, that the president of the United States should be elected for a term of six years, and be ineligible for re-election. Analy was represented by Mary Fellers, Una Dodenhoff and James McMenamin. Both sides put up a good debate, so good, in fact, that after an hour behind closed doors, the judges decided it a tie.

On the fifteenth of January, 1915, Santa Rosa came over here to debate off the tie, on the resolution that the United States should largely increase its army and navy. James McMenamin, Ward Howard and Mary Fellers upheld the affirmative for Analy. Santa Rosa was given the decision.—T. R., '16.

Debating Team

Manual Training Exhibit

MANUAL TRAINING

The manual training department consists of two rooms, one where the articles which are made are stained and set to dry, and the other furnished with benches and tools, where the boys and girls work. This year the students drew their own plans and then constructed the articles from them.

The school owes Mr. Ames, the manual training teacher, and the boys of the class a vote of thanks for the numerous improvements made by them this year. The largest piece of work done by the boys was the bleachers, made for the field meet held here October 17, 1914.

On patrons' day there was a large exhibit of the work done by the manual training class and it seemed to be the most popular display in the school.

ATHLETICS

NALY'S DAY of glory has dawned at last! It was a long time in dawning as those loyal rooters, who are weary with a vigil of six long years, can testify. But now that it has dawned we will let by-gones be by-gones and look only to the future. For the said-to-be-impossible has happened, and happened with a vengeance. Analy has at last produced a track team that won a field meet. It is a team that was considered a dangerous contestant for first honors in every meet and a team of which Analy can justly feel proud. We are no longer the joke (we were considered so by other schools in the past) and this in itself is a consolation.

The fall term opened with great interest shown in track. Under the able direction of Wm. Rogers, Jr., a strong team was picked to represent Analy at the fall meets. A dual meet with Petaluma resulted in an overwhelming victory for our athletes. But the great advance that Analy has made is shown by the way she scored in the following meets:

October 17th, C. I. F. meet, at Analy ..... 34 points
October 24th, S. N. S. meet, at St. Helena ..... 61 points
May 1st, S. N. S. meet, at Santa Rosa ..... 28 points
May 15th, C. I. F. meet, at Ukiah ..... 25 points

Total .....148 points

Two of these meets are worthy of special mention. The fall meet of the C. I. F. was held on our track, October 17th. It was the first time in the history of the school that such an event had been held on the Analy campus and it proved a great success. It stirred up interest in athletics as it had never before roused. The disadvantages we had to work against were disheartening and but for the loyal support of our surrounding neighborhood it might have been a failure financially. During the afternoon our boys fought bravely and well and carried off second honors.

The fall meet of the S. N. S. C. A. L. was held at St. Helena, October 24th. A truck load of rooters accompanied the

Girls Basketball Team

Track Team

Baseball Team

Tennis Team

team. From the beginning it was plainly evident that our track men would carry off first honors. The final score showed Analy the victor by a margin of 28 points over the nearest competitor. The impossible had happened and one of the greatest honors that can be won by any school had fallen to the lot of Analy.

The spring campaign was not quite as successful as we expected, yet 53 points were scored by Analy and on a whole we are thoroughly satisfied with the work of our athletes. One athlete especially covered himself with glory, at the Santa Rosa meet—John Heintz carried off first honors in both the mile and the half.

There is not an athlete in our track team that does not deserve special mention, but lack of space prevents this. However, this year sees the passing from Analy of one of the greatest athletes the school has ever had. In losing Leland Barlow the track team is greatly weakened and his place will be hard to fill. Vincent Speers, another of our stars, also leaves us, much to our regret.

The following athletes represented the school this year, together with number of points scored by each: Roy Williamson, 34 2-3; Leland Barlow, 32 2-3; Vincent Speers, 25 1-2; John Heintz, 20; Gene Carrillo, 10 1-2; Harlan Varner, 9 1-2; Garland Ewing, 5; Winthrop Tredway, 3; Wilbur Purrington, 2 2-3; Cuthbert Malm, 2; Lawrence Carrillo, 1; Chas. Rogers, 1; Hall Woodworth, Lewis Maddocks and Tom Rauch.

BASEBALL

Working like a well-oiled machine, hitting the ball when hits meant runs, and fighting until the last man was out, our baseball team battled its way to a championship in a manner that will long be remembered. Yes, it is certainly worthy of remembrance, for never in the history of Analy has such a formidable team been put in the field. It is a team that worked together, not only in one game, but in every game, and a team which possessed a spirit the like of which has never been seen in the history of the school.

The S. N. S. C. A. L. championship of Sonoma county was carried off by Analy. After winning our way to the finals of the C. I. F. we were defeated by Petaluma after a desperate struggle in mud and wind, by a close score of 1 to 0. It was the hardest fought, best played and most thrilling game of the

season and we have nothing to be ashamed of in losing it.

Our old enemy and most dangerous rival of other years, Santa Rosa, was twice sent down to defeat after nerve racking and thrilling contests. Yet the harder the game, the better the Analy boys played.

Jewell and Wilson, who composed the battery, certainly have done some wonderful work for Analy. Jewell, especially deserves great credit, for it was his brilliant pitching that carried us to the championship. In every game he has shown superb form, excellent control and a marked tendency to use his brains at the critical moments.

Jewell was given grand support by our stonewall infield, that played with such precision, harmony and "pep." The old reliable triumvirate of outfield fame was up to its usual high standard, making many sensational plays. In short, the team was strong in every department and deserved to win. Following are the scores: March 20th—Analy 5, Santa Rosa 3; C. I. F. preliminary; April 2d—Analy 10, Petaluma 5; S. N. S. preliminary; April 26th—Analy 6, Santa Rosa 4; S. N. S. championship; May 12th—Petaluma 1, Analy 0; C. I. F. championship.

The line-up: Ray Wilson, catcher; Merritt Jewell, pitcher; Vincent Speers, first base; Joe Silveira, second base; Cuthbert Malm, third base; Eugene Carrillo, short stop; Dewey Elliot, left field; Roy Williamson, center field; Wilbur Purrington, right field; Carter Phair, substitute. Mr. Ames, who coached the team, certainly did his work well and deserves our sincerest thanks and praise.

On May 22nd our baseball team journeyed, by automobile, across the mountains to play a game at Napa. It was a beautiful trip and well appreciated. The game was somewhat one-sided, as the score of 10 to 6, in Napa's favor, shows, yet it was a good game. We tried out a new pitcher, Dewey Elliot, and he proved by his good work in the box that he will be a great aid to Jewell next year.

The season closed with Vincent Speers the leading batter, with an average of .385. In four games Jewell struck out 56 batters.

TENNIS

There was little interest in tennis this year except from the 28th day of August to the 12th day of June. However, the ten

months that mark the time between those dates have seen some of the most exciting tennis games in the history of the school. Interest has at all times been at fever heat and a league tennis tournament has been held on our courts. The new courts were completed in the fall and resulted in converting many new followers to this delightful and healthful sport.

Analy was well represented this year by an exceptionally strong team of racquet wielders. One member of the team, Alfred Leland, carried off the singles championship at Sonoma. The other members of the team, Joe Silveira, Ward Howard and Leland Barlow, have also done some great work for Analy. They have acquired skill, accuracy and dexterity in their playing and are rapidly developing into stars. Following are the scores: Analy defeated Petaluma, singles, 4-6, 4-6; doubles, 4-6, 4-6. Analy defeated Petaluma, singles, 0-6, 4-6; doubles, 1-6, 4-6. Analy defeated San Rafael, singles, 4-6, 3-6. San Rafael defeated Analy in doubles, 4-6, 10-8, 7-5. Analy defeated Sonoma in singles, 4-6, 4-6 (championship C. I. F.) S. N. S. C. A. L. tennis tournament Petaluma depeated Analy, in doubles, 6-1, 8-6; Napa defeated Analy, in singles, 6-1, 6-4. Healdsburg forfeited to Analy in C. I. F.

BASKETBALL

In spite of the great interest shown in track athletics, basketball was not neglected. Diligent practice produced a good team. Leland Barlow was elected captain and Walter Hales, manager.

Four times during the year the Analy boys were called upon to display their abilities in the art of basketball against other schools. Each of these games was hotly contested and very exciting. Following are the scores: Analy 31, Petaluma, 30; Petaluma 30, Analy 25; Analy 18, Petaluma 17; Santa Rosa 54, Analy 30.

As for next year's chances we can only hope, as the team has been greatly weakened by the loss of two stars, Barlow and Speers. The line-up was as follows: Joe Silveira and Vincent Speers, forwards; Leland Barlow, center; Cuthbert Malm, Walter Hales and Roy Williamson, guards; Eugene Carrillo, substitute.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls have been heard from at last. After years of inactivity in athletics the girls seemed to have awakened to the fact that the time has come when they should represent the school as well as the boys. With the school humming with athletic activities, as it was this year, it would have been impossible for them to remain idle any longer.

Under the direction of Miss Jewett the girls set to work. A basketball team was formed with Anna Lunceford manager and Sylver Strout captain. Three games were played with outside schools, resulting in two defeats and one victory for our girls. Considering that it is their first year and that they have had no hall to practice in, the girls have certainly made a wonderful start in athletics. Following are the scores: Petaluma 28, Analy 14, at Petaluma; Calistoga 30, Analy 4, at Calistoga; Analy 16, Calistoga 14, at Analy.

The last game with Calistoga was the most thrilling ever staged on the local court. The girls' team lined up as follows: Louise Barlow and Sylver Strout, forwards; Anna Lunceford, center; Marguerite Ballard and Catherine Donnelly, side centers; Violet Harris, Eva Fallon and Lenore Smith, guards; Edith Ramsey and Pearl Fallon, extras.

Of late the girls have taken to baseball and have played several games.

Baby Seniors

Junior Class

Freshman Class

Sophomore Class

ALUMNI

Maude Barlow - - - - - President
Ruth Hair - - - Vice-President
Dee Winter - - - Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS OF 1910

Rena Bonham	Mrs. L. Allen	Riverside, Cal.
Marguerite Jewell	Attending Normal	Santa Rosa
Logan Smith	In the Navy	Manilla
Bright Street	Salesman	Fresno
Charles Wiggins	Teaching	Duncan's Mills

CLASS OF 1911

Ida Halberg	Clerking	Graton
Ernest Hansen	Graduates this year	College of Pacific
Ray Johnson	Teaching	Green Valley
Blanche Moran	Mrs. Garrison	Marysville
Adelia Payne	Stenographer	Santa Rosa
Evelyn Sweetnam	Teaching	Calistoga
Harold Wiggins	Working	Santa Rosa
Bernard Wilkie	Clerk	Sebastopol
Paul Woolsey	Piano Tuner	Sebastopol

CLASS OF 1912

Maude Barlow	Attending U. C.	Berkeley
Iva Bryan	Mrs. Breaks	Sebastopol
Howard Clayton	Ranching	Modesto
John Donnelly	At home	Sebastopol
Lewis Johnson	Teaching	Bodega
Rose Lowary	Teaching	Marshall School
Florence Maddocks	Teaching	Marshall School
Ruth Meeker	Teaching	Coleman Valley
Mamie Miller	Teaching	Occidental
Hilmer Oehlmann	Attending U. C.	Berkeley
Ethel Poe	Mrs. Mars	Healdsburg
Marie Simpson	Attending U. C.	Berkeley

Emma Street	Teaching	Mendocino Co.
Tom Street	Teaching	Near Fresno
Alma Swain	At home	Sebastopol
Helen Thor	Attending Normal	San Jose
Gussie Wedehase	Teaching	Near Healdsburg
Adele Williams	At home	Forestville
Joe Williamson	At Stanford University	Palo Alto

CLASS OF 1913

Mabel Barnes	Attending Normal	San Jose
George Bertoli		
John Bertoli	At home	Sebastopol
Grace Disher	Attending U. C.	Berkeley
Harriet Fyfe	Telephone operator, Hotel Clark	San Francisco
Ruth Hair	Attending U. C.	Berkeley
Amelia Hillard	At home	Sebastopol
Orpha Kelly	Mrs. Lynwood Ames	Freestone
Anita Laton	Attending U. C.	Berkeley
Gertrude Langlois	At home	Auburn, Cal.
Ralph Langlois	At home	Auburn, Cal.
Charles Newell	Clerk	Vallejo, Cal.
Grace Stillings	At home	Sebastopol
Irma Strout	Taking post-graduate course	Analy
Theo. Thomas	Attending Agricultural College	Davis
Ralph Wiggins	Assisting at planing mill	Santa Rosa
Julia Walsh	At home	Santa Rosa
Jesse Winkler	Ranching	Near Forestville
Dee Winter	Teaching	Near Healdsburg
Lucille Williamson	Attending Stanford	Palo Alto
Pauline Van Vicel	Clerk	Sebastopol

CLASS OF 1914

Carmen Blessing	At home	Oakland
Bertram Bower	"Safe"—at home	Graton
Ivy Burroughs	At home	Sebastopol
Dorothy Maddocks	At home	Graton
Margaret Patterson	At home	Hall District
Edna Ristau	Mrs. Ray Johnson	Green Valley
Laurence Ristau	Clerking	Empire, Cal.
Sylver Strout	Taking commercial course	Analy
Minnie Wedge	Clerking	Sebastopol

EL SUSURRO, Monterey—Your literary department is fine. "A Day's Work" is especially good. Your title design is quite clever, but your exchange department is rather brief for your paper. We like to have you on our exchange list.

The Ilex, Woodland—How glad we are to get your paper. Your cuts are fine, and correspond well to the department. Quite an idea, to put snap shots in the joshes! We especially like your Christmas number. It shows careful work.

Progress, Washington High, Oleander—Your literary department is good. Your joshes are also fine. More drawings and cuts would greatly help the general appearance of your paper, however. We hope to have you on our exchange list next year.

The Golden Bear, Sonoma—Your josh column is fine. Your cuts are good, but drawings would add to your paper. Your stories might be improved, however. Your poetry is good. Perhaps your exchange column could be larger and less brief. We would be glad to see you again.

Lowell (March), San Francisco—Where is your table of contents? You have good literary material, but not enough. We should like, also, to see a few exchanges. You have very good joshes. Remember us in the future with exchanges.

'Stoga, Calistoga—Glad to see you, 'Stoga. You have an excellent paper for the first one. Your stories are good, but we

should like to see a few original poems. We enjoy your jokes very much. An exchange would be an addition.

Cardinal and Black, Clear Lake—You have fine stories. A few more cuts would be an improvement. We like your paper and would like to see more of you.

Junior Annual, Ukiah—Your literary department is rather brief but your other departments are very good.

The Wild Cat, Los Gatos—What splendid stories you have. We enjoy your joshes, too. A few more cuts would improve your paper. Your cover is very pretty.

The Tokay, Lodi—You have a very pretty cover design. Your stories are splendid, especially "Mar'thon Sue." We would suggest, however, that not quite so much poetry be used; you have enough good poetry so that that which is not so good may be omitted. You have quite a large exchange list. Your artist is quite clever, too.

Advance, Arcata—You have a very good paper. You have excellent joshes and poetry. Your idea for the Alumni page is quite original. We should like to see you again.

Enterprise, Petaluma—Your stories are very good. We especially like your joshes. We think your cover design very neat and pretty.

Ye Sotoyoman (April), Healdsburg—What splendid material you have! Your stories are good, and your other departments are fine, but don't you think they might be arranged to a better advantage?

Lux, Martinez—We enjoy your paper very much. Your stories are exceedingly interesting, and your joshes are fine. It would be more convenient for the readers, however, if the pages were numbered. Except for this we think yours a very fine paper.

Alpha, Oroville—You have a splendid paper. We like your cover. Your departments are all excellent. But don't you think a few more drawings would be an improvement?

We are very glad to see you all at our exchange table this year, and will be more than glad to welcome you all again next year.

CURRENT OPINION

"Azalea (June, '13), Sebastopol—The stories are good and all departments well written. The photographs could be improved."—"Tokay," Lodi.

"Splendid stories, Azalea (Sebastopol), especially is "Little Brother Big Chief." Your cuts are well in keeping with the well-edited paper."—"El Susurro," Monterey.

"Azalea, Analy Union High, Sebastopol: Welcome to our school, Azalea! You have some very interesting stories and witty jokes. Your cuts and pictures are well arranged. However, don't you think your exchange department is rather brief?"—"Ilex," Woodland.

"The Azalea (Analy High, Sebastopol)—We especially like the way you have your departments arranged, also the placing of "ads" in the back by themselves. Your stories are very good. But your exchange department should not be neglected quite so much in such a good paper."—"Wild Cat," Los Gatos.

"Analy Annual, Sebastopol—Very neat cover design. Your cuts and jokes are fine."—"Junior Annual," Ukiah.

"Azalea (1913), Analy High, Sebastopol—Welcome, Azalea, you ably show what a wide-awake school you represent. Your literary department is particularly noteworthy."—"Cardinal and Black," Clear Lake.

"The Azalea, Sebastopol, Calif.—A fine paper on the whole, though your stories could be improved."—"The Golden Bear," Sonoma.

"Azalea, Sebastopol, Cal., 1913—Your plain cover design and grade of paper are very good and your cuts are also well done. Your stories are clever, but your cartoons are missing. You have a very good dramatic department."—"Lux," Martinez.

"Analy Annual, Sebastopol—We like your paper very much. Your citizens show an interest in your school paper by offering prizes for your stories."

"Azalea, Sebastopol—Your Senior class department has spirit to edit such a good paper."—"Alpha," Oroville.

Weather
If this rain keeps up it won't come down . . .

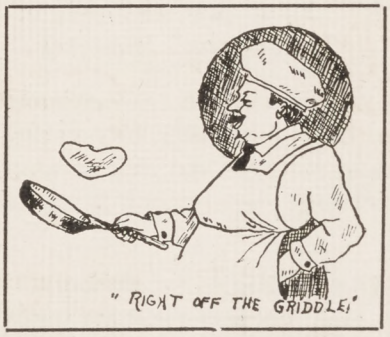
The Griddle

Market
Eggs take fall. W. Hales, Berry Grs., drops egg case.

A Fearless, Independent Newspaper

Vol. 23 | Analy Hi, June, 1915 | No. 13.

History Class Holds Fly Drive



The "swat the fly" idea has invaded the American History class and a great fly drive was held last Tuesday. The students probably got their inspiration from the great rabbit drives, which are held in certain parts of the state. Following the able direction of Mr. Williamson, the solemn history sharks arranged themselves in a circle and slowly moved toward the center of the room. By means of handkerchiefs, books and papers they drove the poor creatures (flies) into a wiggling, crawling heap in the center of the floor.

Santa Rosa High School Plays Ball

Santa Rosa, May 12.—Leo Sullivan of the local baseball team was out practicing today. He was all alone, but this did not bother Leo.

First, Sullivan pitched and after many beautiful windups, retired the opposing team. Next Leo went in to bat. He made a big swing and started to run, reaching first, second, third and sliding home. Leo jumped to his feet, brushed some dirt from his suit and ran out to crab at the umpire.

Local Team Wins Game

Calistoga, Apr. 12.—The girls of the local high school defeated the Analy girls last night in an exciting basketball game. The Analy girls covered most of the court—they fell down many times.

Miss Jewett, their coach, gave them many valuable instructions in yelling: "Give 'em the ax."

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Pollywog Tail Soup
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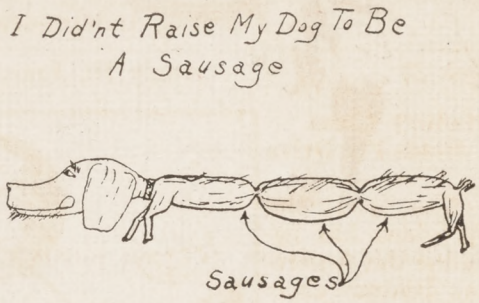

Manners

I take this opportunity to criticise the manners of some of the high school students, and hope the people of Sebastopol will profit by my advice, and be stricter with their children.

I have in mind the banquet given in honor of the track team after their victory at St. Helena.

The very small athlete, made famous by his ability to run the 220, put sugar in his soup and asked a fellow athlete across the table to pass the cream. (Afterwards he explained that he thought it was tea.)

Many of the athletes ran out of silverware or else had too many of the valuable implements left at the end of the meal.

Our famous high jumper took a long, refreshing drink from the finger bowl.

The Girls' Jinks

The high school girls—
They held a jinks,
Dolled up, with curls,
In pretty pinks.

Dear high school girls
And they avowed—
Like modest pearls,
"No boys allowed."

Some high school boys,
The horrid cheats,
Broke up their joys—
And swiped the eats.

The poor girls howled
And phoned to "Pop,"
While teacher growled,
And called the cop.

Then "Pop" got mad,
To beat the band,
The boys, so bad,
He almost canned.

Wise Sayings By Our Teachers

The onion can stand a great deal of heat, and also a large quantity of rain. In fact the onion is a very strong plant in more than one way.—Mr. Kyle.

I never act on my own opinion. I always ask the rest of the teachers and some of the students to find out what is best.—Mr. Williamson.

O, Clarence, where are you going? Where will you spend the hour?
Like a river's ever flowing is your circumambient power.
Time was made for spending,
Time is never ending;
Have a little wending,
Circumambulating
Up and down the drawing room.

O, Clarence, where are you wand'ring, where will you spend the time,
Like a scudding storm cloud, squand'ring her drops of sleet and rime?
His little footfalls scatter
Like the rains incessant patter
Till he never can grow fatter
Circumlocomoting
Up and down the drawing room.

—AGNES R. JEWETT.

For good looking people only:

Well, of all the conceit.

Literary Aspirant—I called to see if you had an opening for me.

Editor—Yes, right behind you, close it when you go out.

L. Carrillo (commenting on Mrs. Pulcifer's waist)—If there is anything I like better than green, it is more green.

Mrs. Pulcifer—Look in the mirror, look in the mirror.

The Fall of Paris.
Sonoma Co. Day.
Finish of The 50
Big "3"
Hard Graft.
ALL-IN.
?
"Ike"
Twins. Which is which?
"Judge"
"Ambition"
Battle of "Bull" Run.
Santa Rosa's B. Ball Goat
← Mud
Two of a Kind.

A Slim Joke.
Bess.
Buffalo Bill.
Third Triumvirate.
Physics Sharks.
The Windup
Good Eats!
Wm Son
5.9
A Nutt.
Aboard the S.S. Sour Ball.
Ma's Quartet.

Say Lee, how much did the bootblack charge to black your shoes?

L. B.—A dime.

Gee, that guy would paint a barn for a quarter.

In Eng. IV—Miss Gregory—What do we have today?

Mildred Hillard—Bacon.

Runt C.—Say, I'm gonna commit suicide, so the poor kids won't have to study about me, like they do Caesar.

Mr. Williamson one time
Said, we'll put it here in rhyme,
"On March tenth, Sonoma day
All the "kids" at school must stay."
But many were going to the Fair,
And others went—we don't know where.
At any rate the school was small,
There were hardly any there at all.
But Mr. Williamson was glad
That these few pupils were not bad.
He put a "1" beside each name,
Dull ones and smart ones all the same.
And then to grant a well-earned boon,
He let them all go home at noon.

F. P., '15.

Paul W.—In ancient times the women irritated the ground by means of hoes.

GLEANED FROM CLASS

A Wood's Scene—In the distance a small object caught sight of my eye busily jumping and hopping from branch to branch, not noticing me. It was a squirrel.

He incurred the wrath of Zeus, who gave him internal punishment.

In Spanish II: Tom (translating "Come! bebe!"—meaning eat! drink!)—"Come baby."

Plane Geometry

Prop. 47

Given—Ben equals April showers.

To prove—Ben brings May flowers.

Proof 1—Ben equals April showers. By hyp.

2—April showers bring May flowers. By quotation.

3—Therefore, Ben brings May flowers. By substitution.

Rayma (showing her paragraph on cranberries to Miss Gregory)—"Would this be all right for a metaphor?"

Miss G.—"Well, it seems a bit strained."

Carter P. (In Am. Hist.)—Kossuth came to America to get money so that Austria wouldn't get Hung(a)ry.

I sing about a poet of Rome,
Oh pshaw! I must have lost my tune,
So now I'll write another poem.
This time I'll sing about the moon.

I sat upon a cold sand dune,
And watched the moon upon the sea.
I saw a sight that made me swoon—
The water killed a small sand flea.

Oh, moon! Thou art an awful loon.
I thought as I did cross the lea,
To show to me, and make me swoon
The tragic death of that sand-flea.

—L. W. C., '15.

Too Bad!

"I hear Cole is buying a drug store."

"That's so."

"Yes, on the installment plan, one box of pills at a time."

"Too bad, I thought Walter had quit smoking."

Maybe Somebody Was Hurt!

Mr. Strider (rushing into the debating room and drawing back at sight of declaiming James)—Why, why, oh, excuse me, I thought somebody was hurt.

Phoney Films

I love my little hist. ex's,
They are so blythe and gay,
I love to study the ancient texts,
They while my time away.

I love my little Eng. II,
It will teach you how to talk,
To interpret what great men knew—
Most any one would balk.

In Eng III: Miss Cromwell—Robert, quote from the Idylls to show one of their characteristics.

Robert S.—A damsel of high lineage and a brow
May blossom and a cheek of apple blossom,
Hawk eyes and lightly was her slender nose,
Tip-tilted, like the petals of a flower.

Miss C.—What does that show?

Robert—Nature description.

Solid

A wood-pecker sat on a Freshman's head,
And settled down to drill;
He bored away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill. (—Ex.)

Martha was trying to quote a stanza from Childe Harold and was getting it badly mixed.

Miss Gregory—Martha, I think if you would quote the lines in the order in which they occur, it would add to the effect.

Soph (giving report on murder of Tiberius Gracchus)—And they didn't hit him with swords or anything, but they hit him with stools and everything.

Fay (speaking of Russia's opinion of Turkey)—She was the Sick Man of Europe.

Physiology: Mr. Kyle—Adults breathe eighteen times a minute and children twenty times, but I guess the average here is about twenty, considering the Freshmen.

There is a bright teacher named Sue,
Who wonders in English can do—
Take a Mother Goose rhyme,
Give it rhythm and time,
And cause a great hulla-baloo.

Nola H. (in Eng. II oral composition)—Some people walking alone make us think of empty bottles.

"Oh, say, Mis' Mandy, am yo' program full?"

"Lordy no, Mister Lumbey. It takes mo' than two olives and a sanswish to fill mah program."

Marjorie—She was awfully nervous this morning, I don't believe I ever saw her decomposed before.

Query—What is a demigod?

Louise King—Why, it's a thing you drink out of.

Mrs. Pulcifer (in physical geog.)—In some countries goat herding is such an important industry that they hire a herder to go around every morning to get people's goats.

There was a young fellow named Walker.
And I'll tell you that he was some talker.
He got stuck on a gal
By the sweet name of Sal;
Believe me, their case was a corker.

In Eng. III: Charles Rogers reciting—"David left the room with Miss Murdestone following him up with her eyebrow."

He stood and watched the work of nature,
Beneath a stately pine—
A bee buzzed through the tall tree top,
Some baby mice did whine.
A blue-jay scolded from the ground,
A little linnet twattled,
Then he disturbed all nature 'round,
His foolish stomach rattled.

—L. W. C., '15.

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